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CHAPTER VIII.

Evidence of Human Life.

AND yet there were indications that even human life itself was not far from us in those mysterious recesses. On the day out we were aware of a singular deep throbbing in the air, rhythmic and solemn, coming and going fitfully throughout the morning. The two boats were paddling within a few yards of each other when first we heard it, and our Indians remained motionless, as if they had been turned to stone, listening intently with expressions of terror upon their faces.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Drums," said Lord John carelessly. "Drums. I have heard them before."

"Yes, sir, war drums," said Gomez, the half-breed. "Wild Indians, braves, war dances. They watch us every mile of the way. Kill us if they can."

"How can they watch us?" I asked, going into the dark, motionless void. The half-breed shrugged his broad shoulders.

"The Indians know. They have their own way. They watch us. They talk the drum talk to each other. Kill us if they can."

All day the drums rumbled and whistled, while their menace reflected itself in the faces of our colored companions. Even the hardy, swaggering half-breed seemed cowed. I learned, however, that day, once for all, that both Summerlee and Challenger possessed that highest type of bravery, the bravery of the scientific mind. There was the spirit which upheld Darwin among the gauchos of the Argentine or Wallace among the head hunters of Malaya. It is decreed by a merciful nature that the human brain cannot think of two things simultaneously, so that if it is steeped in curiosity as to science it has no room for merely personal considerations. All day amid that incessant and mysterious menace our two professors watched every bird upon the wing and every shrub upon the bank, with many a sharp wordy contention, when the snarl of Summerlee came quick upon the deep growl of Challenger, but with no sense of danger and no more reference to drum beating Indians than if they were seated together in the smoking room of the Royal Society's club in St. James' street.

That night we moored our canoes with heavy stones for anchors in the center of the stream and made every preparation for a possible attack. Nothing came, however, and with the dawn we pushed upon our way, the drum beating dying out behind us. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon we came to a very steep rapid, more than a mile long—the very one in which Professor Challenger had suffered disaster upon his first journey. I confess that the sight of it comforted me, for it was only the first direct corroboration, slight as it was, of the truth of his story. The Indians carried first our canoes and then our stores through the brushwood, which is very thick at this point, while we four whites, our rifles in our shoulders, walked between them, ever on guard against coming from the woods. Before evening we had successfully passed the rapids and made our way some ten miles above them, where we anchored for the night. At this point I reckoned that we had come not less than a hundred miles up the tributary from the main stream.

It was the early forenoon of the next day that we made the great discovery. Since dawn Professor Challenger had been acutely uneasy, continually scanning each bank of the river. Suddenly he gave an exclamation of satisfaction and pointed to a single tree which projected at a peculiar angle over the side of the stream.

"What do you make of that?" he asked.

"It is surely an Assai palm," said Summerlee.

"Exactly. It was an Assai palm which I took for my landmark. The secret opening is half a mile onward upon the other side of the river. There is no break in the trees. That is the wonder and the mystery of it. There where you see light green rushes instead of dark green undergrowth, there between the great cottonwoods, that is my private gate to the unknown. Push through and you will understand."

It Was Really the First Direct Corroboration, Slight as It Was.

deep peace of this strange waterway was unbroken by any sign of man. "No Indian here. Too much afraid. Curuputi," said Gomez.

"Curuputi is the spirit of the woods," Lord John explained. "It's a name for any kind of devil. The poor beggars think that there is something fearsome in this direction, and therefore they avoid it."

On the third day it became evident that our journey in the canoes could not last much longer, for the stream was rapidly growing more shallow. Twice in as many hours we stuck upon the bottom. Finally we pulled the boats up among the brushwood and spent the night on the bank of the river. In the morning Lord John and I made our way for a couple of miles through the forest, keeping parallel with the stream, but as it grew ever shallower we returned and reported, what Professor Challenger had already suspected, that we had reached the highest point to which the canoes could be brought. We drew them up, therefore, and concealed them among the bushes, blazing a tree with our axes so that we should find them again. Then we distributed the various burdens among us—guns, ammunition, food, a tent, blankets and the rest—and, shouldering our packages, we set forth upon the more laborious stage of our journey.

Advancing in single file along the bank of the stream, we soon found that it narrowed down to a mere brook, and finally that it lost itself in a great green morass of spongelike mosses, into which we sank up to our knees. The place was horribly haunted by clouds of mosquitoes and every form of flying pest, so we were glad to find solid ground again and to make a circuit around the trees, which enabled us to outflank this pestilent morass, which dripped like an organ in the distance, so loud was it with insect life.

On the ninth day after leaving the canoes, having done, as I reckon, about 120 miles, we began to emerge from the trees, which had grown smaller until they were mere shrubs. Their place was taken by an immense wilderness of bamboo, which grew so thickly that we could only penetrate it by cutting a pathway with the machetes and billhooks of the Indians. It took us a long day, traveling from 7 in the morning till 8 at night, with only two breaks of one hour each, to get through this obstacle. Anything more monotonous and wearying could not be imagined, for, even at the most open places, I could not see more than ten or twelve yards, while usually my vision was limited to the back of Lord John's cot-

ton jacket in front of me and to the yellow wall within a foot of me on either side. From above came one thin knife edge of sunshine, and fifteen feet over our heads one saw the tops of the reeds swaying against the deep blue sky. I do not know what kind of creatures inhabit such a thicket, but several times we heard the plunging of large, heavy animals quite close to us. From their sounds Lord John judged them to be some form of wild cattle. Just as night fell we cleared the belt of bamboos and at once formed our camp, exhausted by the interminable day.

Early next morning we were again afoot and found that the character of the country had changed once again. Behind us was the wall of bamboo, as definite as if it marked the course of a river. In front was an open plain, sloping slightly upward and dotted with clumps of tree ferns, the whole curving before us until it ended in a long, white backed ridge. This we reached about midday, only to find a shallow valley beyond, rising once again into a gentle incline which led to a low, rounded sky line.

And now, my readers, if ever I have any, I have brought you up the broad river, and through the screen of rushes, and down the green tunnel, and up the long slope of palm trees, and across the plain of tree ferns. At last our destination lay in full sight of us. When we had crossed the second ridge we saw before us an irregular, palm studded plain and then the line of high red cliffs which I have seen in the picture. There it lies, even as I write, and there can be no question that it is the same. At the nearest point it is about seven miles from our present camp, and it curves away, stretching as far as I can see. Challenger struts about like a prize peacock, and Summerlee is silent, but still skeptical. Another day should bring some of our doubts to an end.

Meanwhile, as Jose, whose arm was pierced by a broken bamboo, insists upon returning, I send this letter back in his charge and only hope that it may eventually come to hand. I will write again as the occasion serves. I have inclosed with this a rough chart of our journey, which may have the effect of making the account rather easier to understand.

(Continued next Wednesday.)

Special Assessment Notice.

State of Illinois, Rock Island county, ss.

In the county court of said county. To the August term, A. D. 1916.

Warrant No. 357.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, that the board of local improvements of the city of Rock Island, Ill., has filed in the county court of Rock Island county a certificate of the cost of the improvement, entitled in said court, "In re petition of the city of Rock Island, Ill., to assess the cost of constructing a 6-inch watermain on Eleventh street from Twenty-fifth avenue south a distance of 300 feet," and said certificate also shows the court costs, the amount of accrued interest, and the total amount of said assessment, and said certificate also states that the said improvement conforms substantially to the requirements of the original ordinance for the construction of the same, as required by law, and that final hearing on said certificate will be had on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1916, at 9 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as the business of the court will permit. All persons desiring may file objections in said court before said day, and may appear at the hearing and make their defense.

Dated this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

WILLIAM MCCONCHIE, President.

N. JUHL, Secretary.

WALLACE TREICHLER, Member.

Board of local improvements of the city of Rock Island, Ill.

JOHN K. SCOTT, City Attorney.

Special Assessment Notice.

General No. 407.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested that the city council of Rock Island, Ill., having ordered that an eight-inch watermain be constructed on Forty-second avenue, from a point 80 feet west of Twelfth street to the center line of Fourteenth street, and the ordinance for the same being on file in the office of the city clerk of said city, and said city having applied to the county court of Rock Island county, Illinois, for an assessment of the cost of said improvement according to benefits, said assessment being payable in ten installments, each bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, and an assessment therefor having been made and returned to said court, the final hearing thereon will be had on the 8th day of September, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 9 o'clock a. m., or as soon thereafter as the business of the court will permit.

Dated this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

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SCENE IN "UNDER COVER"—AT SPENCER



NEWS NOTES from MOVIELAND

Descendant of a long line of theatrical notables, S. Rankin Drew, who is a son of Sidney Drew and nephew of John Drew, is making his mark as an actor and director with Vitaphone in motion picture productions. He not only directs Anita Stewart, but plays the leads in the dramas, the latest production in which his work was conspicuous in the dual capacity being "The Suspect." Mr. Drew was born in New York and after graduating from Cutler school he assisted his father in vaudeville and plays. He went into motion pictures upon the advice of Lionel Barrymore. He joined Vitaphone and made good as an actor, then turned his attention to the more responsible work of directing and acting. Although he is a very young man his work has proved remarkably brilliant.



S. Rankin Drew.

week of blindness resulting from poison oak.

Gilbert E. Mordock, photoplaywright, came out of retirement recently and into the busy film mart of Los Angeles, intending to stay several days. But after one day of successful scrip sales he hermit-like stole back to his house on the Washington lakes.

Vola Smith responded recently to a request to sit for an artist, with the result that this universal lead will be seen shortly on a series of magazine covers. She has been acclaimed by many to be the prettiest girl at Universal City.

Dated this 22nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

The Theatre

COLUMBIA.

Vaudeville—Two shows daily at 2:45 and 8:15 p. m. Three Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45, 7:30 and 9:15 p. m. Change of bill Sunday and Thursday.

IN THE MOVIES.

TONIGHT.

Spencer Square—Mae Murray in "The Dream Girl"; Bud Fisher's "Mutt and Jeff" comedy.

Majestic—Gail Kane in "Paying the Price"; Hearst Vitaphone news pictures.

SUNDAY.

Spencer Square—Hazel Dawn in "Under Cover"; 20th episode of "The Iron Claw."

Majestic—Irene Fenwick in "A Child of Destiny"; Max Fignan and Lolita Robertson in "Love Me, Love My Dog."

AT SPENCER SQUARE.

A pictureization of Roi Cooper Meador's clever play is to be on view at the Spencer Square tomorrow and Monday, with Hazel Dawn and Owen Moore as the featured performers.

Steven Denby, an American, is the guest of a party in Paris, which is given in the honor of Ethel Cartwright, also an American. In the course of the conversation, Denby is reprimanded in a playful manner by Ethel for his idling; she even goes so far as to state that a thief compels her admiration more than a drone.

Ethel, on returning to New York, finds to her dismay that the jewels which she had left at home have been stolen and that there is no clue to the thief. Dan Taylor, a customs inspector, receives a message from abroad that Denby has purchased a \$200,000 necklace and that he will arrive on the Mauretania.

The letter is signed "R. J." Taylor is an unscrupulous officer, as he proves when he is visited by a nervous gentleman whose wife has been smuggled in \$10,000 worth of jewelry and he accepts a bribe to keep his mouth closed. A week after the robbery, Ethel, accompanied by her parents and her sister Amy, goes to the offices of the insurance company to collect the insurance on the stolen articles. During the proceedings the agent perceives Amy's nervousness and becomes suspicious of her. While the Mauretania is pulling into her berth, Denby and his friend, Monty, place a necklace of pearls, which they have not declared, into a tobacco

pouch. While Taylor is waiting for the arrival of the ship he receives a visitor, the insurance agent, who tells him of the Cartwright's missing jewels; they devise a clever scheme to trap the girls and at the same time to catch Ethel's friend, Denby. Taylor hears the truth about the robbery and tells Ethel that he will not have Amy prosecuted provided she will aid him in catching Denby. As a part of the plan, Denby is permitted to go through the customs lines, and Ethel is instructed to signal the inspectors where the necklace is concealed when she reaches the Harrington home, where the young folks are to spend the week-end. Ethel shadows Denby until he realizes her purpose and becomes angry at her treachery—for he is in love with her. In the battle of brains between these two clever people a crisis is quickly developed which has few equals in stage or screen annals for thrills and surprises.

AT THE COLUMBIA.

Mile. Olga, a classic dancer from the Imperial opera house, Petrograd, is to be a feature of the new bill opening at the Columbia, Davenport, tomorrow. Her dancing, in beauty, control, flexibility and grace, is said to be beyond compare. Her program includes a trio of dances and these are widely dissimilar. Mile. Olga has a dancing partner, and in addition she is assisted by Mons Mishka, a violinist of pronounced temperament. He not only plays superbly, but his many eccentricities have a peculiar attractiveness. The little company leaves nothing to be desired. The blend of dance and music has an appeal that cannot be resisted. Before sailing for an extended engagement in Europe Kelly and Galvin were booked at the Columbia, as Manager Blanchard thought the tri-city folk would enjoy seeing this funny team once more. This engagement will be the third time the act has played the house. Both times before they scored a big hit. Grow, Patis and company, who will be on the same bill, have a comedy playlet that has been going big all over the circuit. The name of their skit is "Solitaire," a very funny offering. Hager and Goodwin, who style themselves "Monarchs of Songland," will sing many of the popular songs and several that are exclusive with them. They have a way all their own of putting over their numbers that seldom fails to win out. Leo and Mae Jackson, artistic cyclists, will open

Alr Ice-Cooled. Perfect Ventilation.

SPENCER SQUARE

Pieces 10c and 15c. Children, 10c.

TONIGHT
MAE MURRAY
The Second "Pickford," in
"The Dream Girl"

Like a pond lily poking its head through muck, buffeted by whisms of a drunken father and driven almost to despair, Mae as "Meg" finally finds her way to happiness.

BUD FISHER'S COMEDY, "MUTT AND JEFF"

SUNDAY AND MONDAY
Hazel Dawn and Owen Moore
In the great dramatic sensation

"Under Cover"

A Photoplay of Love, Laughter, Mystery and Thrills.

—Added Attraction—
Don't Forget to See Last Episode of "The Iron Claw"
The Triumph of "The Laughing Mask"

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

From The Argus Files of 1891

Aug. 20.—The coroner's jury was unable to determine the cause of the condition of Jessie Miles, who was found injured and ill in a cornfield near Colona and brought to Rock Island by a train crew last week. He died without regaining consciousness. His wife in Davenport claimed the body.

Frank Dailey, switchman in the C. R. I. & P. yards, had his hand badly crushed while at work yesterday.

The ferry J. W. Spencer has been remodeled and repainted throughout and is now in service again.

J. W. Crandall, baggage-master at the C. R. I. & P. depot, has resigned to accept a position with the Rock Island Plow company.

Aug. 21.—The annual Methodists' camp meeting is in progress at Tindall's grove near Milan.

At the regular meeting held last night, William Jackson was named president of the Rock Island Citizens' Improvement association. S. W. Searle was elected secretary.

John Raas, for some time porter at the C. R. I. & P. depot, will succeed J. W. Crandall as baggage-master.

A man giving the name of Jake Ross stole a valuable gold watch from John Ulmeyer last evening at the Crown restaurant.

Aug. 22.—Mrs. B. C. Hartz and daughter left this morning on the St. Paul to visit relatives at Dubuque.

John Mager and a force of men are busy placing the iron arches at the Third avenue entrances to Spencer square.

Aug. 24.—J. J. DeGroot, representative of the Postal Telegraph company, which is seeking entrance to the tri-cities, called on Mayor McConochie this morning.

Miss Marie Louise McDonald and Clarence A. Blakesley were united in marriage this morning at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. J. McDonald on Fourth avenue, Rev. W. S. Marquis officiating.

Rock Island has a new industry—a balloon factory. Professor Eddy, the Quincy aeronaut, is constructing a huge gas bag at the armory for his flight in Davenport, Sunday.

Aug. 25.—Will G. Whitehead of Chicago and Miss Grace E. Babcock of this city were united in marriage this morning at the Broadway church, Rev. W. S. Marquis performing the ceremony.

The Rock Island county farmers' institute held a picnic today on Big Island.

Man, Cruel Man!

"My husband is very inconsiderate."

"How so?"

"Insists that the house needs shingling when he knows how badly I need a diamond ring."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

the show with an act that is regarded as the cleverest thing in its line. They do many tricks that have never been seen here before.

AT THE MAJESTIC.

Irene Fenwick, who has become known as one of the leading stars of the American stage, will be seen Sunday at the Majestic in "A Child of Destiny." This is really Miss Fenwick's first local appearance in a big photo-dramatic production, although she has been seen variously in a number of plays of lesser importance.

Miss Fenwick is under contract to appear on the speaking stage this winter, but acknowledges a preference for the screen, and will soon return to make more movies. Max Fignan and Lolita Robertson, then whom there are no cleverer persons in the movies, will be seen in a comedy "Love Me, Love My Dog."

The coming of William S. Hart and Enid Markey in "The Captive God" marks another big day in next week's photoplay offerings. Mr. Hart here has a wonderful role and is said to do by far the greatest work of his career.

In addition to this drama there will be a comedy, "Laundry Liz," featuring Fay Tincher and making use of a great Keystone cast. The double program for next Wednesday includes Virginia Pearson, the brilliant Fox star in "A Tortured Heart," and Billie Burke in chapter 14 of "Gloria's Romance." Tonight Gail Kane in "Paying the Price" will be the attraction.

tration. The news pictures will show the latest events of importance in the world.

MAJESTIC
A Big Feature Every Day
Change of Program Daily

Tonight—Gail Kane in "Paying the Price"; also Hearst-Vitaphone news pictures.

Sunday—Irene Fenwick in "A Child of Destiny"; also Max Fignan and Lolita Robertson in "Love Me, Love My Dog."

Tuesday—William S. Hart and Enid Markey in "The Captive God"; also Fay Tincher in "Laundry Liz," a Keystone comedy.

Don't forget Wednesday's great double bill—Virginia Pearson in "A Tortured Heart," and Billie Burke in Chapter 14, the most exciting of all pages in "Gloria's Romance."

COLUMBIA THEATRE
—BEAUTIFUL—
SUPREME VAUDEVILLE
2 PHONES DAVENPORT 746 747

SUNDAY, MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY.

An Especially Good Show, featuring

OLGA MISHKA & CO.

Sensational Classic Dancers. Many will want to see this act twice.

Old Favorites
KELLY & GALVIN
"The Actor and the Italian"

GREW PAITES & CO.
Comedy playlet, "Solitaire"

HAGER & GOODWIN
Monarchs of Songland

LEO AND MAE JACKSON
Artistic Cyclists

SEE THE SHOW TWICE